Overactive Imagination

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/46604383.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Masturbation, Will Graham in Denial, Episode: s02e01 Kaiseki, Canon Compliant, Murder Kink
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of abby's hannibal bingo
Collections:	Hannibal Bingo
Stats:	Published: 2023-04-19 Words: 836 Chapters: 1/1

Overactive Imagination

by abbymyg

Summary

Hannibal haunts Will's dreams (and daydreams) while he is in the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

For the Hannibal bingo fill: kaiseki

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will hates this. He hates Hannibal. He hates the situation the man put him in. He hates that he framed him. And yet, there's nothing he hates more than his body for not understanding that fact.

He dreams about killing Hannibal almost every time he closes his eyes, delighting in the idea. He fantasizes about it while he is wide awake, as well. He shouldn't be getting hard because of it, though. He tells himself that it's the violence, the blood, that excites him.

Somehow, it's easier to accept that he has a thing for violence than to admit his attraction to the man that caused him so much harm.

This time is no different. He wakes up, shaking, sweating, and with his heart beating fastly. He dreamt of the wendigo, as he often does these days, sinking his nails into his body, ripping skin, and tearing flesh. The deep red color of blood covers his entire vision, and if Will focuses, he can still smell the iron, taste it on his tongue. Then, the wendigo turned into Hannibal, dripping blood as he lies under him, with a smug smile on his lips.

He doesn't remember much more after that.

He moves, intending to get up to wash his face in the sink and drink some water to calm his dry throat, but he stops and groans, annoyed at himself, when he realizes he's hard.

"Oh, for fuck's—" Will sighs, stopping himself from speaking further. If Chilton is, despite the late hour, still in his office, he doesn't want him checking the cameras right now.

He's been avoiding touching himself all this time. The first few weeks he refused to because of the lack of privacy. Then the dreams, both while asleep and while awake, about Hannibal began and he was too disgusted to do anything. With each day that goes by, he cares less and less. Maybe if he jerks off his body will calm down and stop interpreting his hate for the other man as arousing.

He looks down at the bulge on his jumpsuit, his cock begging for attention.

Fuck it , he thinks.

He unzips his jumpsuit, just enough to be able to sneak one hand inside of it. There's no way he'd get his cock out for the cameras. He isn't a porn star. He forgets all rational thought when his fingers wrap around his length, though, bringing him an immediate sense of relief.

He strokes slowly at first, then faster. He tries to focus and think of someone he tells himself he's attracted to, like Alana, but his mind refuses to cooperate. Instead, he finds himself going back to his dream, to the Wendigo. To Hannibal.

His breath quickens, and Will lets out a low growl. He thinks of Hannibal, lying under him, purple and red bruises staining his skin, blood pouring down his neck. His body trembles as he imagines what would happen if he touched Hannibal at that moment, what it would feel like, what it would feel like to hear the man moaning his name. He thumbs at the head, and he has to bite his lower lip not to scream out.

Stop thinking about him , his mind supplies him. *You hate him. You're supposed to hate him.* But, as hard as he tries, he only manages to conjure even more vivid images of Hannibal.

Hannibal naked and bruised under him. Hannibal bleeding. Hannibal moaning. Hannibal biting him. Hannibal's mouth on his cock. *Hannibal, Hannibal, Hannibal.*

A different image suddenly appears on his head, more detailed than the previous one, less of an invention and more of a memory: a plastic tube being shoved down his throat, and strong, gloved hands holding his head, almost gentle. Then he sees Hannibal's familiar face.

Will's eyes open widely. He knows, he is a hundred percent certain, that what he just saw isn't just a figment of his imagination, but a memory. Yet his imagination doesn't allow him rest, reminding him of the touch of Hannibal on his face with such an intensity that his cheeks feel warm, and switching the tube for Hannibal's cock. That image alone is enough to bring heat to his face, but his mind keeps replaying it over and over again, trying to recreate the sensation as Hannibal's dick slides up his throat.

He moans and increases his pace, balls tightening, fingers sliding faster against his cock. He comes, biting the back of his free hand to avoid making a sound. After the wave of pleasure fades and he comes down from his orgasm, he immediately feels guilty, almost sick.

He buries his head in the pillow and tries to forget about what just happened, of what he did. He briefly wonders if he'll be able to look Hannibal in the eye the next time he comes to visit.

And because it's pretty obvious at this point that his brain hates him, he ends up dreaming of Hannibal fucking him through the bars of his cell.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! You can follow me on twitter here

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!